



Vox Wesleyana

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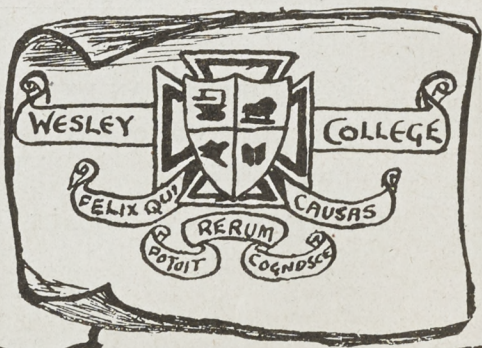
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IN COMMEMORATION

"Methinks that a death such as theirs has been, gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasure of life. But, deeming that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but in the battlefield their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

"Such was the end of these men. . . . They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers, there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not in stone, but in the hearts of men."—(Extract from Pericles.)



HISTORY BY THE FIRESIDE

Dr. John MacLean

There are diamonds in every backyard waiting discovery by some explorer compelled to stay at home. There are the materials for one great book in every human life, lacking the courage to write it. The spirit of adventure is found in every hamlet, and some there are who have never seen Carcassone. Unwritten history lies at our feet, untold tales of tragedy and comedy may be discovered in any village, and we lose the opportunity of transcribing events which might loom large in the next century, because we forget what seems trivial, while we are gazing upon the stars, or are fascinated by stories of the past, in lands unvisited by us.

History is biography writ large, and we live among unknown heroes on the common streets, whose lives will never be written. It is pathetic indeed to see pioneers, Hudson Bay factors, explorers, adventurers, and missionaries in this western land, whose experiences have been thrilling, and they pass from us, with their great and accurate knowledge of the flora and fauna of the Northwest, their grasp of the languages, native religions, legends, and customs of the aborigines, unrecorded. The very names of these great souls are forgotten in a few years, and if only some patient student would interrogate these men and women and glean the harvest of the years, they would confer a blessing upon posterity and train the habit of observation, while unconsciously cultivating the real powers of an historian.

Landmarks of history are fast disappearing, and no writers have preserved the story of their existence, save in small incidents or little essays. The five historic forts around Winnipeg are gone; the great rivers which coursed down the Qu'Appelle valley, and at Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, the Bow River valley, and elsewhere are small streams in comparison with what they were centuries ago. The old forts of the "Whiskey Traders," named "Whoop-Up," "Stand-Off," and "Kipp" have vanished; the Hudson Bay trail from Winnipeg to Edmonton, the old north trail from Montana to the far north, teeming with stories of battles between the Crees, Stonies and Blackfeet, and the red man's well-beaten trails over the western prairies, have been ploughed under by the white man's quest of the golden grain. Lake Agassiz is dotted over with farms, the mounds built by the Mound Builders in southern Manitoba have hidden lore, but the stories have not been fully told. Notable buildings have fallen into decay, or been consumed by fire and there are few documents relating the important meetings held, where great subjects were discussed by leading citizens. Within three months the old Wesleyan Institute, founded by the Rev. Dr. George Young, and the precursor of Wesley College, is to be removed; and so the story runs of history in the making, and no historians to keep alive the tales of other days.

There have been lives of Louis Riel, and the rebellions of 1870 and 1885, but no great biography of this leader has yet been written. The inner history of the Fenian invasion in relation to Manitoba is an untold story. There have been striking and suggestive articles on the Icelanders of Manitoba and the Menonites, but no comprehensive study of either of these great subjects, of special interest to the West. The period of the Western Colonies, the Temperance Colony at Saskatoon, the Primitive Methodist Colony at Pheasant Forks, the Russian and other Colonies has never been written up, except in a few paragraphs in immigration pamphlets or in short chapters in historical publications, or books of travel.

There are dialects of religion and dialects of speech, and there is a different physiognomy for every nation and tribe, and further, in long settled countries in the Old World, there are shire faces, a different face, more or less, for every county. What about a denominational physiognomy? Were a few families to be isolated on one island, and educated with absolute severity through five or more generations in Arminian theology, and a similar number of persons on another island for the same length of time in Calvinistic theology, having equal environment, would there be produced two types of the human face? What about a Manitoba face, a provincial one, different in length or breadth, with varied texture of hair, from that of the other provinces in the Dominion? We have that in existence already among the Indian tribes of the West. How long will it take to produce a provincial dialect of speech, or when will it be possible to have published a dictionary of provincial slang? By the commingling of blood through intermarriage between the settlers of different nationalities in the province, with a new environment, there will inevitably follow a new type of face, and in some of the subjects mentioned above there lies a wide field for the student of history, who need not travel from home to find undiscovered realms to explore, for here abides an inviting territory for research and original work, as fascinating as can be found in any land or any age. Success to the student who is the first to venture on this open field.

—The Library, Wesley College.

Varsity Girl—What position do you play?

Pat—Defence.

V. G.—Tough, isn't it? I'm on the fence most of the time, too!

Edie—"Why in the world are you saying 'Electricity' to yourself?"

Millie—"I can't get a night out and I want to say something shocking."

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EXTRA-MURAL STUDENT

The hairbreadth escapes of Columbus, Cortes and other pioneers become insignificant when compared with those of an extra-mural student. Persons who are sheltered within the walls of a college and who have their studies ably directed for them by experts, have no conception of the hardships and perils of the tempest-tossed, travel-stained students beyond the walls.

Extra-mural work is a hazardous undertaking. You buy your books, pay your fees, receive a calendar, notice the date of the examinations and, as far as the university is concerned, you can get lost in the Plutonic regions or wander through the Platonic Republic at leisure. Between the period of paying your fees and entering the examination room, your Alma Mater lets you do as you please. If the dear old lady could see the strange excursions you make, and the dangers you encounter, her maternal heart would be touched. Some assistance would be offered.

There might be serious consequences accrue to our traditional outlook upon religion by letting us walk alone with such an impetuous spirit as Shelley. How he aroused us by his recital of the defiance of the college heads by the publication of the pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism." We asked him if there was compulsory attendance at prayers in his day. We cherish his candid reply, although it cannot be published, for the editor would censor it. The discussion of social questions with the poet was inevitable. The author of the "Mask of Anarchy" was surprisingly well informed on present day social questions. He freely discussed the Winnipeg Citizens' Committee, the Irish question and the O.B.U. He used picturesque phrasing in commenting on the dominance of money interests in churches, educational institutions and parliaments. His spirit grew restless as he glimpsed these conditions. Frequently he left the discussion of these perplexing earthly problems and poured out his full heart in strains beautiful and profuse. The benign instruments of nature selected him as their songster. The wind and the cloud, the skylark and the spirit of beauty, expressed their message through him. What a dual nature he had!

Through the land of twilight Matthew Arnold and Clough were our appointed guides. They were uncertain whether a new day would dawn. Arnold told us we were

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead
The other powerless to be born."

Clough told us the result of his observations was as follows:

"The world is very odd we see,
We do not comprehend it;
But in one fact we all agree,
God won't, and we can't mend it."

Arnold criticised everything we saw. The medium of twilight and the prospect of approaching night tinged his judgment. Perhaps, we thought, if a new day did dawn he would reverse his judgment. We went to sleep

"On a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

It was morning when we awoke and the sun was shining brightly. The evening's guides had disappeared. A tall, serene gentleman came strolling towards us (as we opened our books for a brief period of study), and said his name was Wordsworth. "Up! up! my friend, and quit your books." He continued:

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.
Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

Our guide proved to be a veritable priest of nature. True, he did not appreciate a little of the humor we tried to insert; as a matter of fact he seemed to be unconscious of our presence a great deal of the time. But when he found that we were sympathetic and potentially intelligent, he opened out somewhat. The only time we saw the faintest suggestion of a smile was when we grew bold enough to suggest that the critics . . . That's as far as we went.

He introduced us to his friend Coleridge and left us to pick a little flower which he saw a few yards away. Our new guide held us fascinated. Conversation poured from him. He found sermons in stones and books in the running brooks. The only words we managed to say were the customary words of greeting. He held us spellbound. What a program of work he had mapped out! He repeated to us the statement that he made to Charles Lamb concerning the literary labors he was planning, the very titles of which would fill a volume. Hour after hour Coleridge talked to us concerning all conceivable and inconceivable things. Our silent and attentive listening pleased him greatly.

The trip with Tennyson through "The Palace of Art," the enervating voyage to the land of the "Lotus-Eaters," the visit to King Arthur's court, and the poet's philosophic treatment of the problems of life proved powerful stimulants. Our Alma Mater will be glad to learn that we did not prove easy victims to the sensuous charms of Dante Gabriel Rossetti with the powerful influence of Tennyson still affecting us. Yet, O Benign Mother, we left Rossetti with some regret, for our period with him slightly intoxicated us.

The most trying time we had was when the philosophers took us in hand. We lost our bearings several times. They

seemed to prefer the bogs, the tortuous paths, the thickets and the foggy weather to the solid ground, the clearer trails and the bright sunshine. We would walk all day through the forest of difficulty only to discover at the end of it that we had been standing still all the time. Spinoza mystified us, for his knowledge of language seemed to consist of three words, Substance, Attribute, Mode. Liebniz and Locke overlooked our presence while they discussed the theory of innate ideas. Several times we thought they were about to reach some understanding, but just then some new idea would crop up and then the discussion recommenced.

We found Berkeley an interesting gentleman. He would have fallen down a number of times over the rocks or tree stumps, for he kept declaring that there was no such thing as matter, only we used to keep a sharp lookout and help him safely over impediments. Yet, while he maintained that material things were an illusion, he was always ready when mealtime came, and, we are bound to confess, he had the usual capacity for eating common to bishops.

It was Sunday when we were handed over to David Hume. Our Alma Mater had issued no instructions to us so we were quite ready to forgo the attendance at divine worship, for, as Hume said, "What's the use, anyway." He proved it, too.

After all our wanderings we landed back in time to tell the professors what our guides had told us. And even if we did show revolutionary tendencies, had we not been through Plato's Republic? The intro-mural students had not been through that ideal state. Perhaps the Citizens' Committee had ordered the University to take it off the course. For does not Plato use such words as Timocracy and Oligarchy and Communism? Does he not show a rather contemptuous attitude to the vulgarly rich? And, worse still, he seems to favor a communistic state. So, Plato, this is your last appearance in the calendar for a while. Goodbye, and thanks for your counsel.

—G. E. Robins, A. '21.

Soph—"Say do you like her?"

Junior—"Well, I think she has an awfully good heart."

Soph—"Neither do I!"

Poor Pete is broken hearted!! The Matriculation department offers Pete their sincerest sympathy in his recent bereavement.

In Grade X.—Marion comes into lecture shivering—"Oh! Mr. C., may I get my coat? B-r--r."

H-sp--l—"Yes! Bring your overshoes, too."

A VIVID ILLUSION

There is something seen at times in the countenance of a friend, something which we have all seen, but which, being elusive and transitory, is hard to describe.

I refer to that kindling light, of a quality peculiar and different in each person, because expressive of the personality, which, on occasions of a characteristic remark of ingenuity or humor, suddenly leaps up in the eyes, so that with joyful recognition and satisfaction you see the soul of your friend.

Several years ago I caught that look in the eyes of a young woman as she smiled at me in the act of handing me a book—she was an attendant employed in one of the public libraries in Winnipeg.

In this case, however, I was puzzled, as I could not recall her identity.

The same thing happened in subsequent visits to the library. Each time I was more convinced that she was a person with whom I had previously been intimately acquainted, but under what circumstances I could not remember.

A day came when recognition broke through the veil of puzzlement.

The revelation came to me so abruptly that I almost said aloud, "Why, of course, you are Jane Eyre."

The illusion indeed was so vivid that it was not until I had mentally framed those words that I remembered that the character "Jane Eyre" was but a figment of the imagination.

I had never seen a picture of the heroine in that remarkable book, nor had I ever consciously visualized her personal appearance; it was the soul, the personality which I seemed to recognize.

The characteristic smile in her eyes seemed to say as plainly as words, "You remember"? And in a flash I saw her in a number of situations as I remembered her, especially in two.

One situation is where she sits by the fireside with Rochester. He is quizzing her and she, stilling the tumult of emotion in her heart, is answering him very precisely and sedately every time with that strange formal "Sir!"

More especially clear to me was the quiet self-possessed "Jane" in the group facing the maniac wife, where Rochester says: "And this is what I wished to have; this young girl who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon. I wanted her as a change after that fierce ragout."

Again I glanced into the young woman's eyes, and again she seemed to say to me with her smile—"You remember!"

—A. E. W., Theo. '23.

ONCE AROUND THE WESLEY RINK

Skating is splendid exercise. This is equally the opinion of the novice and that of the master of the art. Yet the two do not reach this conclusion by similar methods. Admiration for the superb artist as he skims along the ice with the swallow's swift swerves leads us to contrast strongly the beginner and his awkward efforts—but here he is, with his feet well apart, and his body braced against the almost inevitable fall. As he fearfully ventures forward he cautiously lifts his feet and gingerly sets them down again. Not having tested the enduring quality of his skates, he fears lest they will break should he fall, and wishes to take no undue risks. Or perhaps he has Mackie's interests at heart, for he knows that the process of ice making is a costly one.

With commendable resolution he now flings all caution to the winds and slides his left foot far forward. This is the beginning of the splendid exercise. Then he cuts a few capers, and continues with a full downward bend.

"Oh," exclaims Marjorie D.—, with a slight tinge of envy, "What a graceful Parisian bow!"

Scarcely have these words been uttered when the object of her admiration has regained his balance and now stands erect.

This initial success inspires confidence and he immediately begins to display further accomplishments. He attempts the toboggan slide. This figure requires great skill in performance and many have attempted it with disastrous results. The performer must throw up both hands and at the same time shoot forward his left foot. The immediate result is that he sits down with enough force to carry him far forward after the fashion of a toboggan. Hence the name "toboggan slide."

The beginner is successful in his exhibition of this intricate movement and the onlookers give vent to their admiration by many words of encouragement.

They now see him, emboldened by success, venture still farther, and stagger to and fro like a rudderless ship. Apparently he has no control over himself, but there is much method in his madness, for by his actions he is leading those of the spectators who have not already noticed him to believe that he has not been on ice for more than five minutes in his life. In reality he has been on for fully half an hour. There is consequently a greater contrast than otherwise would have been when he suddenly rushes forward and experiences not the slightest difficulty in keeping his course.

"Oh, look, look!" cries Edith C—, and claps her hands in rapture, "I thought he was trying to save himself from falling, and instead he must have been laughing up his sleeve."

The people farther down recognize a coming champion and with due respect try to clear a lane for him, but instead of stepping aside they back directly into his way. How were they to

know that he intended to turn to the right at this particular point? Nevertheless, some pay the penalty of their ignorance and there is a hurried call for the ambulance.

Meanwhile the coming champion blithely speeds down to the near corner. He has escaped injury in the collision, and the suffering of others does not affect him. This is a characteristic of very many champions.

At the corner he shows the spectators how the grape-vine one-step should be done on skates. He performs the figure with very commendable skill and the people crowd in to admire his rhythmic forward glides and his graceful sweeps. Even Ella R— wonders as she beholds such consummate art, and Bill S's star, which hitherto has shone bright on high, begins to dim in the light of the rising sun.

Unfortunately, one of the youngsters present does not know that the execution of this figure calls for some backward steps and heedlessly pushes his way forward. There is another call for the ambulance.

Matters are now beginning to take a serious turn and people form groups and discuss excitedly these new and startling developments.

Deeming discretion the better part of valor, the subject of their discussion hurries on to the far corner. A few vigorous pushes carry him up to and past that last danger zone, and ahead stretches a level reach of ice. He now feels confident that he will succeed in completing the round, "so why not," he thinks, "try the hesitation waltz?"

Like flash, action follows thought. There are present many devotees of this form of the terpsichorean art, but never have they dreamed of seeing such a graceful exhibition of their favorite dance as the one they now behold. They are delighted by the graceful lift of the foot and charmed by the dreamy pivot, which is exalted almost beyond recognition. And all the while the hero has imagined that he has lost his balance and that he has been tacking around in the amateur's ungraceful fashion! Not until he is aware of the approval of the spectators does he realize his mistake. This is the law of all true greatness. When mighty deeds are accomplished the performer is utterly unconscious that something extraordinary is being achieved.

With regained confidence our hero now prepares for a final spurt. He cork-screws down the home stretch and already has visions of a spectacular finish, but, alas! pride goes before a fall. He is now to learn of the less pleasurable aspects of skating. He does not know what happens, but for a moment has visions of comets flashing by and imagines himself to be far away from the Wesley rink. But as he wonders, he finds himself sliding across the finishing line. He has been around once, and his object achieved. What does it matter, then, that there has gone a third call for the ambulance?

—W. K.

EARLY RISING

Some people have a perfect mania for getting up early in the morning. They sleep with one eye open waiting for the first faint peep of early dawn, and then with a whoop they kick off the blankets and turn a back somersault onto the mat. They usually couple with this some other freakish performance, such as dashing into the bathroom and turning handsprings under a shower of ice-cold water, or whisking the window up to its full height and prancing round the room throwing their arms and legs everywhere at once as if in a mad endeavor to get away from themselves.

Indeed any action that at another time would be eyed askance is entirely appropriate at this period of the day. Dr. Johnson tells us that in his time the "Venerable Bishop Ken" was accustomed to rise at two o'clock in the morning and play the lute vigorously before putting on his clothes.

Think of the enthusiasm of it! Imagine this sage old fellow dancing round the draughty room with his night clothes flapping in the breeze, too eager to dress, or even to stop to shiver, till he had blown his lute and himself, too, and had to pause to take breath. In fact, enthusiasm is the early-riser's stock-in-trade. It is all he has and he becomes intoxicated with it, wishing to share it with those he meets. He comes and claps one on the back and says, "Really, old man, you ought to go in for early rising. It's just the thing to cure that hump on your stomach; and by the way I really think you are getting flabby. Look! there are rings around your eyes. Get up at four and take a cold shower every morning. You've no idea how brisk it makes you."

Now, if there is anything that makes me sick it is to have others tell me I am not looking well, so I determined to give their method a trial and if it failed (as I knew it would) I would convict them out of their own mouths. Yes, I would go in for early rising. I would take a cold-water bath every morning and sit on an ice-cake if necessary. I would take calisthenics, capriolics, anæsthetics, or anything to confute their arguments and hold the stupidity of the whole thing up to the world for ridicule.

Under the stimulus of this resolution I went to bed immediately after tea, considering that no time should be lost in putting my plan into execution. Before laying my head on the pillow I communed inwardly with myself after this fashion: "Tomorrow morning I am going to get up bright and early, at, say, eight o'clock. There is nothing like starting in on a thing like this good and strong." Then having set my mind at rest I sank into a profound slumber and was awakened next morning by my landlady knocking at the door and enquiring anxiously if I really wanted to sleep all day.

That night I renewed my vow and with the same result. At

the end of a week I was getting on famously. After making the most solemn resolutions I could sink into the soundest of slumbers. I believe I slept better that week than I ever did before.

I had not yet, however, been able to include the cold-water shower in my morning program. Indeed, anything more than the most necessary ablutions were out of the question. To introduce it was a matter requiring thought. The more I considered the consummate ease with which I foiled my own attempts to rise, the more I admired my own duplicity. I determined, however, to fool myself and accordingly vowed solemnly to rise at six, thinking that if I did sleep in, I would still be up in plenty of time. The plan was eminently successful. Under the influence of this augmented avowal I slept straight through till noon.

So acquainted had I now become with my foibles that I saw I was powerless to conquer my own determination. What I needed was something to wake me up. I thought it over for a long time and the subject began to fascinate me. I have read so many books on science that I have become quite an investigator. Anything in the line of original research attracts me. I hurried over to the public library and delved into volume after volume. To say I chuckled is to put it mildly; I positively laughed aloud. The librarian was delighted. He said that he had never before heard anyone laugh in that room as heartily as I did. He is a dear old chap. He looked so funny as he spoke. There was good reason for my hilarity. Here in these musty tomes lay notions that would rouse the sleeping world.

Hippias of Xanthus (or was it Zanzibar?) ordered his slaves to dash cold water over him as he lay upon his wooden pallet. Alexander of Macedonia was awakened by the fall of a pebble from his outstretched hand into a brazen basin. The ascetic of India, to whom tenderness is the greatest virtue, sleeps upon a bed of upturned nails.

One excerpt interested me exceedingly: "The learned Mrs. Carter, at a time when she was eager in study, did not awake as early as she wished, and she therefore had a contrivance that, at a certain hour, her chamber light should burn a string to which a heavy weight was suspended, which then fell with a certain strong noise; this roused her from her sleep, and then she had no difficulty in getting up."

I considered these plans one after another with a view to their adoption. The first, since I had no slaves, I should be forced to forego. Besides, I have a deep-seated aversion to cold water—unless of course it be my cold-water bath. With a sigh of relief I also relinquished the nail mattress. I could not determine upon a nail that was short enough, and secretly, I feared I should become too attached to my novel bed.

The plan of Alexander offered some hopes of success, but after a first trial, in which I demolished an expensive jardiniere by dropping a lump of nut coal into it, I concluded that it was too costly to operate and proceeded to try the last. I jotted down on

a slip of paper the apparatus I should require and considered the arrangement at length.

You will have guessed by now that I am a student. No other occupation will permit one to sleep undisturbed till noon, unless he be a full-fledged professor. In my freshman year, with all the enthusiasm of youth, I had purchased a huge glass bottle filled with ink. The inroads of many thirsty pens had sadly depleted its contents, but it still was moderately full.

This bottle, then, I resolved to sacrifice, and that night, when I was sure the man in the next room was sound asleep, I slipped to his door and fastened a string from side to side at ankle-height. A second string I fastened to the handle of the door which opened inward. The other end I attached to my beloved bottle and standing on tiptoe I slipped it onto the transom ledge. Since my neighbor was an early riser, I went to bed well pleased with my plan and confident that one alarm or the other would work.

I slept uneasily that night, expecting every moment that my new alarm would waken me. If my knuckles chanced to strike the wall in my tossing I would sit bolt upright, listening intently. The night was very long. I began to fear that it was nearly noon and that for once the sun had failed to rise. Dread that the end of the world had come, mingled in my dreams, with doubt that I should wake up in time to see it.

At length I heard a stir in the adjoining room. Hurrying feet came rushing to the door. I held my breath. Crash! went someone sprawling into the hall and a second crash followed the first. Instantly I felt relieved that the suspense was over, and rolling under the blankets again I was soon peacefully asleep.

I am now the chastened possessor of an intermittent alarm clock. Out of kindness of heart I rescued it at a slaughter sale for a dollar and a half. It rattled its thanks as I sneaked home with it in my overcoat pocket, dreading lest anyone should think I had stolen it. It now shakes itself off the table every morning in a vain attempt to disturb my slumber. Occasionally I open upon it a baleful eye and hurl at it a stream of imprecations and all movable objects within reach. Some day, if I can get up while the mood is on me, I am going to raise the window and shy it at the back-yard fence. Up to the present, however, it has escaped.

—Codex Sceleratus.

Bedford (enquiring anxiously of the girl on door duty)—Is the Bean dizzy?

Edith—"Which do you like better—the original Virgil, or Bill D—'s translation?"

Kathleen—"Oh, Bill is so much easier to understand. Virgil talks about medicated meal, but Bill says "doped bread."

DORMITORY DECORUM

Codes, Creeds and Customs of the Old Top Flat.

I feel competent to deal exhaustively with this subject: Dormitory Decorum. In fact, I believe I can say the first, last and only word about it—dismiss it, as it were. I am not immodest; my boast is a confession. There is no such phenomenon as Decorum within these precincts! Traditions and customs there are, unquestionably; codes and creeds, conceivably; but Decorum, never! We are a tractable bunch; we will submit to any indictment within reason. We know we have our weaknesses. But, lay the charge of Decorum at our door, and we'll never be able to look the world in the face again! (All this by way of finding a jumping-off place.)

“Usqua la la, usqua rat,
We are the boys of the Old Top Flat.”

Has this blood-curdling war-whoop ever fallen upon your ears? And made your hair stand on end—and your heart stand still—and the cold shivers chase each other down your spine? Not any nice, conventional “rendering” of it—not a stagy, staccato version, served “to order.” Not that, but a menacing, ear-splitting battle-cry, flinging defiance and a challenge in the teeth of the enemy, be he who he may. Yes? Then you may have sensed a subtle suggestion of the thing I mean: that elusive, indefinable Spirit which infects the very air of the College Dormitory.

A Spirit must have a body. College Spirit embodies itself in customs, some of which are handed down by “social heredity” as traditions. Seldom do these customs become codified into laws—they don't need to be. For after all, the law which strikes real terror into us mortals is the unwritten law. It is so obvious and unanswerable, it can afford to remain unwritten. College is the kingdom-inviolable of unwritten law. It is government by the tacit consent of the governed. And what an imperious Sovereignty it is! What Freshman, for instance, would dare to withhold the worship and veneration which is due to the exalted status of a Sophomore? What Senior would so flout the dictates of tradition as to be seen arming some Freshette-Coquette the primrose way to the Del or the movies? “If any, speak, for him have I offended!”

“Duck 'em! bum 'em! eat 'em raw!
Old Building, Top Flat, rah! rah! rah!”

Scene: The broad and foot-worn stairs leading up to Old Top Flat. Time: 11.30 p.m. Personae: Everybody. On the stairs a wriggling, swaying, billowy mass of parti-colored humanity; mingled, inextricable. It is a rugby scrim, lacking only the pig-skin! Lower Flat is aggressive, determined to scale

the heights; Old Top Flat is defending savagely, gleefully!
 Little reverberations of the deadly combat are
 awakened next day by the appearance of laconic notices:

Lost!

Seven square inches of epidermis. Finder please bring
 same to surgery.

And this:

Still Missing!

Socks: 1, silk, sky-blue, holeless.

Collars: 1, Ace-Hi, size 16.

Ties: 1, "jazz-bow," polka-dot.

Shirt sleeves: 1½, white, lavender stripes.

All and sundry contributions gratefully received.

Room II.

So another chapter is added to the long and devastating
 "Wars of the Flats," and we settle down again into the (com-
 parative) peace and quiet of —sh!

"Stealthily, warily! don't make a noise!

. Sh! Sh!"

It always comes in those moments of eerie silence! Quiet
 has fallen upon the Flats. Within the rooms lights have been
 switched off; a blanket of kindly darkness blots out the troubled
 scenes of yesternight. All traces of toil and of revelry alike, are
 shut out from tired eyes. The "Flatsmen" sleep just as they eat
 and fight and play: audibly and with abandon.

To anyone who may chance to be wakeful, the silence is
 ominous. His experienced ear detects familiar and un mistake-
 able sounds: hushed footfalls in the corridors, a noiseless sliding
 of keys and locks, an anxious pause while the door swings on
 responsive hinges—one breathless moment, then: "Kerflum-mp!"
 A scurry of flying feet in the corridor, a subdued but
 triumphant chuckle, dying away with the slamming of a far-off
 door, and, once more, silence. The luckless victim digs the sleep
 from his eyes, makes a dispirited attempt to bring order out of
 inverted chaos and inwardly plots deep schemes for the revenge
 that is to be.

And so it goes. There are those great heart-warming events:
 the "Feeds." How quietly the word gets round to just the right
 and proper number. What scrupulous secrecy is observed—for
 not even the faintest suspicion must be allowed to spread around.
 Sometime before midnight they begin to arrive, and rap a
 mysterious secret signal on the door. Within, the feast is spread.
 No precious moments are wasted in useless and unnecessary for-
 malities. The onslaught begins without ceremony. Munching
 and chewing; chewing and munching, interrupted at most with
 mumbled requests and grunts of contentment. Enthusiasm flags
 only when it comes down to "crumbs and pickin's." Now the
 trend of events may take one of several possible turns: Swapping

yarns, or an outburst of "barber-shop harmony"—quite likely both. What whopping old yarns! And what well-intentioned harmony!

And so it goes. Now and again an "Indoor Field Meet," staged in the corridors, or a rehearsal by an impromptu, promiscuous band—whistles, mouth-organs, combs, et al. Now it is a great consult to lay plans for a class hike or party—and out comes the wheel of fortune (alias "dope sheet")—indispensable accessory upon all such occasions (shameful! shameful! how disillusioning!) Or the big event is over and they gather in some convenient rendezvous to live over again each stirring and sacred detail of the unparalleled occasion. . . . So it goes.

Creeds and codes, did I say? Yes: "I believe in—Wesley!"

Creed and code enough, that! Come on fellows! let 'er rip:

Usqua la la, usqua rat,
We are the boys of the Old Top Flat.
Duck 'em, bum 'em, eat 'em raw,
Old Building, Top Flat, rah! rah! rah!
Stealthily, warily, don't make a noise,
Old Building, Top Flat, we're the boys,
Sh! sh!
Top Flat!

Dormitory Dick, '22.

To Selwyn College, if tradition is right, belongs the story of the young man who went up for a viva-voce Scripture exam., the books for which he had indeed scantily studied during the year.

"Now, then, Mr. L——" said the stern examiner, "can you give an account of the miracle at Mount Carmel?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" bluffed the youth, with easy assurance.

"All right! Go on, then, please."

And this—owing to his mixing up two or three pieces from scriptural books he was supposed to have studied—was how he gave it:

"And as he entered in at the city gate there looked down on him two or three eunuchs. So he said, Throw her down! And they threw her down! Then he said, Do it the second time! And they did it the second time! And he said, Do it the third time! And they did it the third time! Yea, unto seventy times seven! Last of all, the woman died also! And they gathered up of the fragments that remained seven baskets full, and hid them by fifties in a cave!"

What the examiners thought of this amazing description of the miracle is not recorded. But it is known that that young man was neither placed in the first class nor the second—nor yet in the third!



Since the last issue of "Vox" the intense neurological activity caused by Christmas exams. has subsided, and all are settling down to prepare certain predispositions to activity in the cortex, which may stand in good stead when the farce is repeated in the spring.

"Vox" extends its heartiest, though belated, congratulations to Wesley students for their very creditable showing.

We have been very much interested in the editorials appearing in the "Manitoban" with regard to the lack of dignity or "tone" manifested by the students of the University of Manitoba.

With much that has been said we are in agreement, but we very much doubt if this intangible "something" can be obtained by anything so simple, easy and external as a few formal functions throughout the year, or the wearing of gowns.

It is really not a question of dress at all, but rather a question of manners. To use the motto of a famous English college: "Manners makyth man." Its use in that place is significant of the fact that the college or university is the place to correct, improve and acquire the modifying, re-creating manners of the gentleman.

If the university fails to set up the highest standard in that respect, the new students can hardly be blamed if their rural angularities are not modified. The fault must lie either with the long-suffering professors who do not inspire due respect and reverence, or with the superior senior students whose airs of easy familiarity are imitated by incoming men. When senior students show that they appreciate the high privilege of the university opportunity, juniors would also soon learn to value the privilege. Most students entering a university do so with the greatest respect for its high traditions, and place a great value upon the privilege of its opportunities; but, there is a tangible "something" which soon causes the vision splendid to fade into the light of common day.

THE EVERLASTING QUEST

I heard a voice resounding from afar,
It called to me;
I saw a beacon light, a distant star—
It beckoned me.

A voice it was that beat upon my brain
With clashing might;
I turned my dazzled eyes in sudden pain
From such a light.

I rose in all the yearning strength of youth,
My soul afire,
To search the everlasting final truth
And heart's desire.

I lay within the trembling arms of love,
A moment blest;
My spirit soared with joy in realms above—
I found a rest.

Here surely was for me the end of sighs
And troubled fears;
But ah! Deep in the passion glow of those dear eyes
Were lingering tears.

I called unto the chill and silent tomb,
"O harbor me!"
An echo wailed from out the voiceless gloom,
"O, not for thee!"

Upon this planet's ever-wheeling crust
I wandered far;
I struggled blindly on through choking dust
Towards my star.

I lingered oft to ease my bleeding feet
And learn my part,
And in my restless bosom ever beat
An aching heart.

Yet, still that voice is beating on my brain,
Its message clear,
And still my dazzled eyes are seared with pain,
And still I fear.

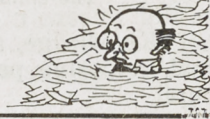
—E. J. T.



EXCHANGE



REVIEW



"The university is the focal point where the moral energies of democracy converge and where the mind of the people gathers strength to impart an inspiring impulse to youth for the enrichment of tomorrow."—Dr. S. C. Mitchell.

The following exchanges have been received: "Managra," "Lux Columbiana," "Central Wesleyan Star," "Brandon College Quill," "The Trinity University Review," "The Johnian," and "The Gateway."

The many student contributions make the Christmas number of the "Managra" an ideal edition. Such subjects as "Christmas on a Farm," "Christmas of '85," "An Unsentimental Christmas Romance," and "The Christmas Guest," are dealt with in splendid style by the students.

The "Central Wesleyan Star" is perhaps a little too central. The atmosphere is that of a room with all walls and no windows. It gazes constantly at the news written upon its own blackboards, and misses the stars in other events. However, one brilliant piece of poetic excellence rambles into the space at the foot of a column:

"A woman is queer, there's no doubt about that,
She hates to be thin, and she hates to be fat.
One minute it's laughter, the next it is cry—
You can't understand her however you try.
But here's one thing about her which every one knows—
A woman's not dressed till she's powdered her nose."

Is that quite true? Perhaps it is too Americanized. Yet it may be as cultural as the proposed dress-suit so much desired by certain U.M.S.U. councillors. The difference perhaps is that the first requirement necessitates a visit to a drug store, while the second, a visit to the Jew's store. Here "Varsity" puts one over, for in their case a visit to the store is unnecessary. Why?

The "Brandon College Quill" contains an admirable reply to such distorted notions of culture. Yes, and a Manitoba young lady, too.

On reading the "Academic Commencement Poem," the name

"Ruskin" repeated itself again and again to the mind. The two ideals are so similar. Class '20 is represented by

"A maid,
Within her hand a ponderous book she held,
Upon whose pages were written many things.
As yet the book was closed and sealed, because
The child had not known how to break the seal."

Knowledge, a tall, grave, dignified figure, slightly broke the seal, releasing pages, one by one, as each was mastered by the pupil.

There were other teachers in the school.

"And the child became not only skilled at books,
But learned to run and play at sturdy games;
So that in her face the bloom of health did glow
And those who knew were heard to say of her:
There is a maiden full well trained
To meet the stern perplexities of life,
Emotions are controlled by reasoning thought—
Her clear young mind doth understand the book,
Which is but slowly opened to her sight;
Her gentle easy manner courts our ease,
She is a pleasing person to be with."

That is somewhat near an ideal, is it not?
The maiden receives the farewell of knowledge.

"But knowledge grasped her hand within her own
And said, 'My child, farewell, while you were here
We, everyone, did try to teach you
The elementary truths which help you live.'"

And the maiden turns and hastens down the path and bids farewell to the school:

"A new born courage winged her on to serve
The thrill of youth's adventure held its sway,
But with it all one thought was utmost yet;
The halls which she had loved and left behind
Were worthy of the best that she could give
And for their sakes at least she must succeed."

Is that culture? We think so.

"The Gateway" has several fine articles. The subject "Industrial Development and Scientific Investigation," dealt with by Dr. H. M. Tory, is worthy the attention of all students.

The author states that: "In every age in human history the task of giving the intellectual guidance necessary to the solution of the problems presented to that age has been assigned to the men of education and training, or rather they only have comprehended the problems, faced them, and took upon themselves the solution.

There is also a splendid contribution by Vilhjalmur Stefansson on "The Resources of Northern Canada."

The article on the philosophy of "Initiation" is worth the passing notice of the Freshmen. In this connection it might be

said that a particularly fresh and vivid description of an initiation appears in the "Brandon College Quill" for November.

We would draw the attention of all students to the practical scheme of medical attention worked by the Edmonton University. In return for the nominal fee of three dollars (\$3.00) students are entitled to free medical treatment in case of illness or accident during the university session. This includes provision for hospital charges, nursing, medicine, ambulance, physician's fee, and the cost of minor operations.

The success of the scheme in Edmonton University is attributed to the fact that the students during the term reported any illness or symptoms of illness to the medical staff promptly, thus enabling them to undertake energetic measures before serious complications might arise.

The perusal of these magazines has been most enjoyable and we are indebted to the named and nameless authors.

—S. U. W.

Problems in Theology

We wonder:

What can a Taylor make out of Batten?

Can a Weaver weave Buntain?

(If he can't, perhaps Willis Cann.)

If Jones becomes a "fisher of men" will he catch them with a Hooke?

Was it Unsted who was said to be Unste(a)dy on the ice?

Finally, Watts Rivers intentions?

Post-Exam. Outburst

Of cheerful words

In prose or verse,

The best are these:

It might have been—worse!

Readers of "Vox" will no doubt be pleased to have a few extracts from a letter recently received from Rev. John Kitchen, of West China. It will be recalled that he was a student here last year.

After referring to the unsettled political conditions which obtain in China generally, he says:

"One of the biggest scraps pulled off since the Revolution of 1912 was in Szechwan this summer. Chengtu was besieged for several days and thousands of lives were lost in the fighting. We had a little taste of it in coming up. We anchored on Sunday morning at a little town called Kwei Chow Fu, on the Yangtse

River. Scarcely were the anchors lowered than we heard the sound of firing, and soon learned that a battle was in progress between two rebel forces. Bullets began to fly in all directions. As our boat needed coal, we were forced to stop and take on a supply. We had barely taken five tons on board before the bullets were whizzing about us. A boat load of rebels tried to reach our ship, but the captain gave orders for passengers to seek safety behind the armor-plating, then weighed anchor and began steaming up river. Hundreds of bullets followed us, hitting the ship in many places. Fortunately we had but one casualty.

The day following this experience, robbers along the river-bank tried to stop us. After firing several shots, they signalled us to stop. We, however, paid no heed and steamed ahead, finally getting beyond their reach.

Later, while travelling on a salt-junk on the Upper Yangtse our boat was rammed and sunk. We managed to get to a place of safety, but our baggage had to be fished out of the sunken boat, and you can imagine its condition."

ALUMNI ALUMNAEQUE

Miss Irene Thompson, '18, is at the Methodist Training School in Toronto. The mission field is her objective.

We wish to express our pleasure in the appointment of Miss Lillian Johnston, M.A., as Dean of Sparling Hall and Lecturer in the Arts Department. Miss Johnston wielded the "Stick" in her graduating year.

We also wish to congratulate Miss Jean Thexton, '17, and W. Gray, '18, on their recent appointment to the Matriculation Staff of Wesley.

The Prince Albert Methodists are rejoicing over a \$20,000 debt being almost completely wiped out. They celebrated at a "moose supper" recently. Geo. Dorey, '10, is the pastor there.

Miss Florence Humble, '16, is enjoying the sun and showers, fruit and flowers of California this winter.

Miss Jessie Maxwell, '13, is doing splendid work as Girls' Work Secretary at Regina.

Ewart Morgan, '20, has accepted a position on the staff of the Isaac Brock High School.

Congratulations are extended to J. W. Melvin, '03, and Mrs. Melvin on the birth of a son.

The "Guardian" correspondent says there is always "something doing" at Lanigan, Sask. We know why. J. P. Haryett, '17, is pastor there.

Our best wishes are extended to Mrs. Simon Abrahamson (nee Miss Sarah Romanovsky, '15), whose marriage took place last month. Mrs. Abrahamson held a responsible post in social service work in the city.

Carl Gryte, '17, is debating this week at Elm Creek, in connection with the United Farmers' Movement.

Miss Vera Hull, missionary en route to India, writes, "Oh! it's so hot. How I long for a 40° below night!" "Billy" Hull was Lady Stick in '15.

T. O. Durnin, '17, is principal of the Deloraine High School.

The Alumnae Association Executive calls the attention of members to the fact that the "Federation Chronicle," official record of The Federation of University Women in Canada, is still obtainable. Send 25 cents and postage to the Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mildred McMurray, 403 Electric Railway Chambers, Winnipeg.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Clarke B. Lawson, '11, in the loss of his mother, who resided at Brandon. Also to J. T. Whittaker, '14, whose mother passed away at her home in Winnipeg.

The teaching profession seems to be particularly popular with Wesley's graduates, principalships appearing to be the order of the day.

Gordon Grigg, '17, is principal of the Darlingford School.

L. C. Tapp, '20, has been appointed principal of the school at Khedive, Sask.

Geo. Dyson, '20, is at Oakner and Geo. White, '20, at Harding, Man.

C. G. Cook, '17, is frequently to be seen around the College and the Y.M.C.A., being in the city this year on the staff of the new General Wolfe School (we are tempted to add nee Ellis-Banning).

Beulah Ross, '20, whose brilliance in debates used to delight her audiences, is taking post-graduate work in History and English at the University.

The success and distinction predicted to be the lot of Mary Rogers, '16, was demonstrated this fall when she was admitted to the Saskatchewan bar. She is now practising in Moose Jaw.

The name of Alf. Ewart, '12, is among those receiving first class standing in Moderns at Oxford.

"Vox" extends congratulations to Mrs. Wm. Elliot, '19, nee Louise Foreman, whose marriage took place early in January.



The second in a series of vocational teas was held at the home of Mrs. (Dr.) McAlister, 47 Balmoral Place, on January 22nd, 1921. The table was prettily decorated and Miss Thexton and Mrs. Heaton assisted in serving. The tea was given the Wesley Alumnae in honor of the Third and Fourth Year Co-eds.

Miss Long gave an interesting and amusing talk on "Journalism," and though she gave many of the unpleasant details of newspaper life, we could hardly restrain ourselves from running down and asking for a job in that breezy manner which Miss Long described as being necessary in acquiring a position on a newspaper staff. We felt that getting down to the office by eight o'clock might even have its compensations in the fascination of the newspaper world.

IN THE REALM OF SPORT

Hockey

The maidens of the Buka-Laka started their hockey career in a disastrous fashion by going down before the maidens of the Home Economics to the tune of 3-1. Instead of taking down our spirits this only sufficed to enlarge our enthusiasm—in fact, the Aggies were obliged to become quarantined in order to protect themselves from our tricky forwards and stalwart defence.

The second game of the year was played against Meds, on Wesley ice. Our girls showed good form and bulged the net twice to one goal of the female sawbones. A peppy bunch of rooters was present, and in spite of the cauld blast, did all they could to cheer on their respective teams.

The third game, played against Varsity at the Amphitheatre, resulted in a victory of 2-1 for the Red and Blue.

Curling

Ah! at the very word blistered hands and thoughts of the horrible "day after" loom up. Despite various drawbacks, Wes-

leyettes have even been skipping lectures to appear at the Strathcona lest their kind skip should "plug" his rink and have one good game. This season the interest in Co-ed curling has been greater than any previous, and the kindness the boys have shown is greatly appreciated. So far no U.M.S.U. games have been played, but with Carefoot, Mooney, Somerville and Peter, we are confident—until defeated—that Wesley will still be adorned with silver. Here's hoping—and sweeping.

Basketball

Despite the somewhat difficult position in which the Basketball Club found itself this year, a fairly strong and hopeful junior team has eventually emerged.

Practices are in full swing and arrangements for playing scheduled games are under way.

The first real game of the season was played on the Y.W.C.A. floor on Wednesday, February 2nd—Wesley vs. Varsity. During the first period the game lagged somewhat but the pep displayed in the second half was checked only by the dangle of the referee's bell, which gave success to Varsity, with a score of 15-10.

The remaining games of the series are following immediately and the girls anticipate a keen and interesting contest in the Wesley-Aggies-Varsity triangle series.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

Dear Mrs. Page,—

I am a young man of eighteen and as I take my meals at a lady's residence I have been considerably troubled with regard to several matters of etiquette. As a concession to youth, would you consider these matters carefully and answer them from your heart?

(a) Does wearing a sweater at meals hinder rapid and heavy swallowing?

(b) Does a toothpick injure a nice set of false teeth?

(c) Should one sip tea with a spoon or inhale it from the saucer?

In deep distress,

Blue Eyes.

(a) Not if food is concentrated in tabloid form.

(b) Not if thy're boughten.

(c) A bottle and straw would simplify matters greatly.

Dear Mrs. Page,—

I am of very serious temperament and I am trying to obtain an education, but it seems that this frivolous college life is ruining all my lofty ambitions. They have nothing but class parties

all the time and when I don't do my work every night, I can't answer questions in class the next day. Dear Mrs. Page, won't you tell me how we can persuade our boys to lead a saner life?

A Woe-begone Senior.

Afraid you'll have to drug the little dare devils.

Dear Mrs. Page,—

I lent a piece of soap to a girl a week ago and she has not returned it. What shall I do?

Bashful.

Use Old Dutch.

Dear Mrs. Page,—

Should a good-night kiss be long and clingey or short and sweet? Please think this over as I have had an argument over it.

Thweetie.

All depends on how late your leave is.

HARD-WORKED ONES.

Dot Y.—I think he's so distinguished!

Marja—Papa love mama?

Skinney—Ocken hoofen.

Brownie—I wouldn't be found dead in a sweater like that.

Dot R.—He said to me—

Helene—'Round these here parts.

Flossie—Well, Bert says—

Dory—Sausages again!

Millie—He's a perfect gentleman.

Pat—Such a darling!

Tessie—Is there any cold meat?

THINGS THAT DON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE

Planning a dance in Sparling Hall.

Asking for a nickle.

Explaining the high cost of living in the city to your parents at home.

Swearing at hockey.

Not swearing at hockey.

Kicking the phone box.

Senior (solemnly raising her glass)—Carpe diem!

Freshette—Goodness! What's that? Fish today?



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR WESLEY?

Can a championship team be created out of a half dozen enthusiasts, twenty apathetic participators and a hundred who avowedly care for nothing but snooker or the "AI"? This is the question that confronts those in charge of athletics at the present time, and we all must agree that it is an important one.

In the "hard days" when Wesley was almost entirely depleted of boys, those who were left gritted their teeth and hung on. They were the real "champions." In those days who ever saw Wesley's name at the foot of the list? It is true few cups were won, but among the honored places at the top, separated perhaps by one point from the leaders, a place was always held by the "Red and Blue."

Where is the spirit that carried us along in those dullest of times? What has become of our high hopes and ambitions? How pleasantly those who struggled looked forward to the "days of plenty," and spoke of the cups that should adorn Wesley's halls. Last year the wished for seemed to be attained, yet this year we are seeing those symbols of victory taken away one by one. It matters not at all who gets them; they are leaving Wesley, and you, the students of Wesley, are directly responsible for it.

Last fall, when our football team, which looked so promising, went down to an unlucky defeat, how many of those on the sidelines tried to help them up? Of course, there was advice. We are always thankful for advice of all kinds, and the criticism, too, was helpful; but did it ever occur to you that of those who were playing some had forgotten more football than the critics ever knew, and at that they had forgotten but little? No! It is not criticism we want, it is your assistance—YOU have responsibilities—are you going to shirk them? If you are, there is a sad day ahead for Wesley.

It is up to you to fill up the places on the teams left vacant by the graduation or removal of the older players. The basket-

ball team needs recruits, has needed them, yet our "students" stand by disinterestedly and find no shame in learning that Meds. have beaten them. When we reach this stage there is small hope left, and, I say, thank heaven there are but few here like that; yet that stage is rapidly approaching for all. There is but one remedy—get out and play.

This applies to the girls just as fully as to the boys. For five years we have held the ladies' hockey cup; are we going to lose it this year? Again, I say, it is entirely up to you. You can win what you like. You can make Wesley anything you desire. Will YOU do your part?

Do you remember how the old song goes?

"And with our colors high
Wesley's name shall never die."

But it were far better dead than disgraced, and you have it in your power to do either. There are several hockey and basketball leagues in progress, and two indoor track meets coming off this month.

What are YOU going to do for Wesley?

THE WRECK OF A TABLE

They sat in beauty side by side,
Mirth unrestrained dispelled the gloom,
Now they are scattered far and wide
Throughout the dining room.

The same fond Senior bent each day
With smiles their glee upon,
In their rash pleasure took delight—
Where are those gigglers gone?

Two by the table at the north,
Are stationed for a while,
Where they may learn how to behave,
Beneath the Head Girl's smile.

And one as fair as any there,
Whose laughter was as quick,
Converses now in solemn tones,
Watched by the Lady Stick.

She of fair hair and sparkling wit,
Dimples and dancing e'en,
She was the funniest of them all,
But now she's sitting by the Dean.

Scattered are they whose laughter loud
On shocked ears late did fall,
Alas, for fun! if every place
Were like you, Sparling Hall.



Thor's summary of a student's four years of thought: Scio—haud scio an—haud scio.

A five dollar reward will be pocketed by the one who collars the solution to the puzzle on page 25 of the last issue of "Vox."

First Freshette—"What did you think this morning of Ruth's words to W—?"

Second Freshette—"I though they were positively heartless!"

Jack had just been issued with his Cameron kilt, and was well pleased with his bonny self.

"Oh, won't the first year girls like me now," he soliloquized, as he boarded the car for Wesley College.

The car was crowded and Jack was prepared to remain standing, but mama's darling, well trained, promptly stood up and said: "Won't you please have my seat, miss?"

Jack blushed and thought he'd get off at the next stop.

Lack of memory is said to be the cause for much that goes amiss in the world. We wonder if it is because he imagines himself still in first year that Ragnar takes Freshettes instead of Sophs to class parties.

Tessie (clapping her hands)—"Oh, doesn't Strongheart act well?"

John—"Yes, indeed. Almost as well as I myself."

Utopian Visions

Bert—Wesley College under petticoat government.

Bill S.—A skating rink and a Sophomore.

Ivan C.R.—A language with twenty-five words to each letter.

Ken T-r.—Beryl the only girl in Matric., and he the only boy.

Beddy—Lost in the woods.

Andy—A Morse code all dot and no dash.

Kay E.—A trip to Holland.

Tessie J.—The country to the south of us known as the A.S.U., instead of U.S.A., so that she might tell the world how much she thinks of those letters.

MATRICES

GRADE XI. SNOWSHOE PARTY

One afternoon, just after the beginning of the new term, Grade XI. girls went on a snowshoe tramp. The Cabbage Patch was our aim, but we found so many things of interest along the river bank that our goal was never reached. Snowshoes are great on a slide, and some of our girls make great he-males behind you on a slide. You ought to see Clara putting on snowshoes. Some of the girls seemed to forget there were no males present and allowed their snowshoes to come off very often; consequently they got behind the crowd. This certainly would have been a wonderful experience had there been any men on the job. But no such luck for Grade XI. girls!! However, the party was a great success and after a long tramp and a few slides, a weary crowd of girls ended up with a great supper.

Matriculation students wish to extend their heartiest congratulations to Miss Johnson on her promotion and wish her every success for the future.

To Bill Donaldson, Jack Rossler, S. K. Johnson, Vic Murray and George Johnson. Matrics are proud of you!

Grade XI. is taking up a collection to get a tooth for Donny. Dora R. is the treasurer.

At the Wesley vs. Medical hockey game:
Eddie S.—“Five minutes overtime each way.”
Beryl—“Does that mean 10 minutes?”

V.D.—“What does ‘Je vous aime’ mean?”
She is told.
“Oh, isn’t that wonderful.”
Mystery. Is G.G. giving lessons in French?

Wilson says Mac isn’t handsome. We wonder if Wilson judges everyone by himself.

Matrics. are very sorry to have lost one of the most popular girls of this department. Margaret Binns has gone to Branksome Hall, Toronto. Good luck, Margaret!

Mr. Green, placing a drop of methylated spirits in student's palm—"What is the sensation?"

Student—"Disappearing sensation."

The Matric. boys in residence sure have it over the Arts boys, when they are considered worthy of a visit from one of the faculty at 10 a.m. By the way, room 21 is the reception room.

Oh where, oh where, has our little Doug. gone?
 Oh where, oh where, has he gone,
 With his brains cut short
 And his tongue cut long,
 Oh where, oh where, has he gone?

MATRICULATION

The Matriculation professors must be very fond of their students, or else like giving their respective lessons; if not, why should they keep us in after four?

It would turn Julius Caesar green with envy to see how he is translated in Wesley Matriculation.

Pete Bearisto's idea of the weaker sex:

All girls must kiss, and smile or frown
 And be in love, because,
 The stern decree is written down
 In nature's changeless laws;
 So here is to the pretty maid,
 Who lets her lips meet mine,
 And frankly owns she's not afraid
 To give love's countersign.
 Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! I think no less
 Of her who brings me bliss,
 Because I know
 She trusts me so;
 I know whom she will kiss!

Here's to the maiden cold as ice,
 The maid of modesty,
 Who says that "Kissing isn't nice!"
 Which means, she won't kiss me!
 She kisses someone—that is clear;
 There's someone else who can
 Approach her lips with little fear,
 But I am not the man!
 Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! The maid of ice,
 The coy and prim young miss,
 Without a sigh,
 I pass her by,
 And think, "Whom does she kiss?"



THE GUELPH CONFERENCE

Guelph! What a wealth of meaning the name suggests—a pleasant trip, amicable companions, the joys of conference, a better understanding of our fellow students and a greater enthusiasm for the things which count for the highest, noblest and best. Such were some of the experiences of our trip to Guelph and as one looks back upon the days spent there, one can only regret that the time was altogether too short.

For some time prior to the Guelph conference there was a feeling abroad in every university and college in Canada that the Christian work amongst our students could be carried on in a more effective manner if the men and women of our universities were united in a national movement, including all phases of the Christian work in our colleges, and if it were controlled wholly by the students themselves. With this object in view a call was sent to all colleges in Canada by a joint committee composed of members from the interim committee, student Y.M.C.A. committee, and from the Student Volunteer committee.

Almost every college and university in Canada was represented at Guelph, and one of the most outstanding things of the conference was the strong spirit of co-operation and comradeship which existed between the students. One of the speakers, at the opening session of the gathering, emphasized the necessity for sincerity of motives and openness to conviction on the part of the delegates, and the importance of seeking Divine assistance in all deliberations. The success of the conference was chiefly due to this co-operation and desire of the students to forget their own opinions and to regard all difficulties from the aspect of national and world-wide unity.

Most of our time at Guelph was spent in discussing and adopting a constitution, which would meet the needs of every university centre in the Dominion and bind them all together in a

National Student Christian Movement. This was no easy task! Before the discussion of the proposed constitution began, three or four delegates from different sections of the country were asked to give brief descriptions of the conditions of affairs with regard to the Student Christian Work in their respective colleges. As these delegates spoke the conference began to realize more fully how great were the diversities of opinion which existed throughout the country, and how tremendous would be the task of drawing up a constitution which would efficiently serve the East, Centre and West of our vast Dominion. During the period of discussion the points of difference were many and at times the discussion waxed hot; yet, as we neared the end of our task, we realized more and more the great necessity for the lengthy discussion which at times grew so tiresome. After the discussion we all felt that we understood the situation better and that we had derived much benefit and inspiration from our experiences together.

Another outstanding feature of the Guelph conference was the enthusiasm and earnestness which characterized the periods of devotion. Ten or fifteen minutes of every session were set apart for prayer and the effect of these seasons was felt throughout the whole conference. Another noticeable feature was the oft expressed desire on the part of the delegates to get down to rock bottom in the matter of personal religion, and all expressed their desire to form some national student organization wherein both the men and women students of our universities could join for the advancement of the kingdom of God.

We are very hopeful that the result of the convention will be seen in a quickened interest, among students, in the things of the Spirit.

An English essayist recently said there was a plague of dots in modern novels.

That is nothing to the novel plague of "Dots" at Sparling Hall.

A Precious Dad

J. M-y-n--d, in English test—"Chaucer's father was a wine-cellar."

Bert and the Confetti

Bert M. was seen in church one Sunday evening with a young lady who had confetti on her hat and furs. An explanation is requested by the social and publicity editor.

What will Herb do for a storehouse when he has that tooth filled?

THE GLEE CLUB

This year has seen the revival of one of the most treasured institutions of the College, the Glee Club. It is a good many years since the Glee Club was organized, it being a recognized institution of the College for as many years as some of the other activities now flourishing. This fact is attested by the unearthing of a packet of Glee Club music dating back for over ten years. The character of the music shows that the old club must have been well organized and trained, as it includes some high class music.

The Glee Club has not at present as many members as it ought to have. This may be accounted for by saying that it is a new thing in the life of the present generation of students. However, students have a reputation for adopting innovations along other lines, and the Glee Club ought not to fall outside the category of desirable innovations.

The functions of the College are, first and foremost, scholastic education, and secondly, social and moral education. The regular courses of lectures take care of the first, and the College activities, as Social and Literary, Athletics, Debating and Dramatic, the second. But these leave no place for the student to voluntarily benefit his condition. The Glee Club, I believe, affords this opportunity. There is no compulsion of profs. or presidents but the compulsion of your own benefit.

The Glee Club affords an outlet for that overflowing desire of every student: to sing. It is really surprising to notice the variety of songs, ancient and modern, which one hears in a day in our college life. However, this song overflow can be turned into an entertaining and instructive channel for nearly everybody, by attending Glee Club practices. You have lots of chances to sing as loud as you wish and as much as you wish. Those who attend one practice always return for the next one. The hour is convenient and the time is pleasantly spent.

The Glee Club will be putting on a concert late in February. Under our excellent instructress, Madame Murray, the members of the Club have done what to some seemed impossible, namely, to produce a real musical organization.

Our only lack is numbers, especially of male voices. Ten years ago the Glee Club consisted of men only, and was quite a considerable factor in the social life of the College. It isn't necessary to be a bass or tenor soloist. If you can follow a tune, you will soon learn the proper expression, for you cannot help it with Madame Murray leading.

You will certainly be well repaid by joining the Club and attending its practices.

R. Fred Hughes.

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